The wife I chooſe, there can be no euaſion,
To blench from this and to ſtand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the ſilkes vpon the marchant
When we haue ſoild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſiue,
Becauſe we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breth with full conſent bellied his ſailes,
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him ſeruice, hee toucht the ports deſir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whoſe youth and freſhneſſe,
Wrincles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is ſhe worth keeping? why ſhee is a pearle,
Whoſe price hath lanſh't aboue a thouſand ſhips:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wiſdome *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confeſſe he brought home worthy prize:
As you muſt needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
The yſſue of your proper wiſdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Beggar the eſtimation, which you priz'd
Richer then ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe,
That wee haue ſtolne, what we do feare to keepe,
But theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne:
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra rauing.

Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry:
Priam. What noiſe? what ſhrike is this?
Troy. Tis our madde ſiſter I do know her voice,
Caſſ. Cry Troyans. *Hect.* It is *Caſſandra!*
Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
Hect. Peace ſiſter peace.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. Virgins, and boyes, mid
Soft infancie, that nothing cant
Adde to my clamours: let vs p
A moytie of that maſſe of mon
Crie *Troyans* cry e, practiſe you
Troy muſt not bee, nor goodly I
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* b
Crie Troyans crie, a *Helen* and a
Crie crie, Troy burnes, or elſe l
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylu*
Of diuination in our Siſter, wor
Some touches of remorſe? or is
So madly hott, that no diſcourſ
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a b
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſ
Such, and no other then euent
Nor once deiect the courage of
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* madde, her
Cannot diſtaſt the goodneſſe o
Which hath our ſeuerall honor
To make it gratious. For my pri
I am no more toucht then all *P*
And *Ioue* forbid there ſhould b
Such things as might offend th
To fight for and maintaine.
Par. Elſe might the world c
As well my vnder-takings as y
But I atteſt the gods, your full
Gaue wings to my propenſion,
All feares attending on ſo dire
For what (alas) can theſe my ſi
What propugnation is in one m
To ſtand the puſh and enmitie
This quarrell would excite? Ye
Were I alone to paſſe the diffic
And had as ample power, as I ha